



T H E

Swinish Prophet,

Or, the Pig turned Conjuror.

I'LL tell you of a learned pig his pedgree I'll
trace, sir,

And what honour he hath done to all the swinish
race, sir,

He is of a noble family, if I am not mistaken,
Descended in a porkish line from the mighty man
Lord Bacon.

C H O R U S.

Fal de ral, lal, what a comical rig, sir,
That the learned to improve themselves consult
this pretty pig, sir.

He is good at telling fortunes, and many strange
stories,

And to make you understand him is a thing in
which he glories,

So his fame it being spread abroad, the curious to
him flock, sir,

Some to know their fortunes, and others what's
o'clock, sir.

Then a beau dress'd so smart, and so perfum'd his
hair, sir,

Of piggy made enquiry how to captivate he
fair, sir,

When piggy gave a grunt, what a figure for a lady!
She might as well toy and kiss with Miss Sukey's
jointed baby.

Up hobbl'd a rich widow, her husband scarce a
month dead,

Who had got a colt's-tooth, the only one in her head,
Now pretty little piggy, I pray tell to me, sir,

If a tall and stout young fellow my second husband
is to be, sir.

Then a Frenchman stept up, whisper'd piggy in
the ear, sir,

Shall we over-run your country, as we have done
Mynbeer, sir?

But piggy gave a grunt, as cross as any sow, sir,
Before you can do that, you must beat our gallant
Howe, sir.

A British tar stagger'd up, shall we beat the French
you jolly pig?

Piggy grunted, yes; Tom Tackle then he turn'd
his quid,

And gave three British cheers which made the
pace to ring, sir,

The tar he sung, and piggy squeak'd, the song,
God save the King, sir.

Then an out-of-place who would be in, a patriot
was call'd, I trow,

If into office he could get, of little pig he wish'd to
know,

Piggy gave a grunt, and made him understand, sir,
The people were well satisfy'd with those who rule
this land, sir.

Like pigs some should be rung i'th' nose, to keep
them in their station,

As pigs turn up the turnip fields, they'd fain turn
up the nation,

But all their tricks and artful ways are now well
understood, sir,

So piggy gave a grunt, and said, march off, you
mean no good, sir.

So ye grunTERS and grumblers of this happy nation,
Like little piggy wiggy be contented in your station,

Since some must be high, sir, and some must be
low, sir,

And piggy has relations, who on two legs now
do go, sir.

